CARDEN

Per Year One Dollar DECEMBER, 1916

Per Copy

A Ramble in the Volcan Country
Garden Walks
Rare Winter Blooming Begonias
The Mysterious Mistletoe
Monthly Exposition Excursion

IN YOUR OWN HOME---

Your valuable papers or jewelry may be *lost* to you tomorrow. Fire or theft may sweep them away *forever*. Be on the safe side and *Own a Safe Deposit Box* at the

Southern Trust & Savings Bank (U. S. Grant Hotel Building)

The PUEBLA AVOCADO

fruits at two years, is prolific, hardy "thick skin" of medium size, and ripens in Dec., Jan. & Feb. It is the only commercial variety we know of that does. ———— "[Its time of ripening makes it a really]" [Its time of ripening makes it a really]" [necessary addition to your garden.]"

West India Gardens

Altadena, California (Los Angeles County)

F. O. Popenoe, President

The Elite Printing Company

Seven Twenty-Seven E Street San Diego, California

Phone, Main 584

Harticular rinters



The Thoughtful Christmas List Will Include Some of These-

Rookwood Pottery

Paul Elder Books—especially the Exposition Series.

Taylor Surf and Seagull Studies.

Other Taylor Studies of Scenic Southern California.

A Kodak. Desk sets, candlesticks, bowls and other articles of

California laurel, redwood burl and Philippine mahogany.

Hand-tooled art leather bags, purses, book covers, etc.

Handsome painted wicker baskets and trays in wonderful colorings. Scores of dainty and useful *little* gifts that are new and fascinating.

"A Gift from Taylor's is a Gift Indeed"

HAROLD A. TAYLOR COMPANY



1139 Sixth Street, San Diego, and Hotel del Coronado

Electric Porch Lighting

Is Economical Protection

Lighting up the front porch steps and walks will prevent many a misstep in the dark.

It welcomes visiting friends and reassures the householder when he returns after a few hours' absence.

It is the best burglar insurance you can buy.

The reduced rates for electric light make the monthly cost range from 30c to 55c for 25 Watt Mazda Lamp.

Porch lighting is an evidence of community spirit

Try it as an experiment

San Diego Consolidated Gas and Electric Company

935 Sixth Street

Home 4119

Sunset Main 64

The

FLOWER SHOP



Miss Rainford

1115 Fourth St.



Corner of Fifth and F Sts.

4% Interest on Term Savings Safety Deposit Boxes, \$2.00 per year Foreign Exchange Mexican Money Bought and Sold

> W. S. Dorland, President Sam Ferry Smith, Vice-President O. E. Darnall, Cashier

Merchants National Bank

of San Diego

Granger Block, Cor. Fifth and D Sts.

Capital (Fully-paid) Surplus and Profits (All earned) \$100,000.00 625,000.00

Twenty-three years of successful business has enabled this bank to accumulate and set aside a fund of over half a million dollars for the protection of its depositors. It is the largest fund held by any banking institution in the City of San Diego.

Every accommodation consistent with good banking extended our customers

RALPH GRANGER, President A. H. FROST, Vice-President W. R. ROGERS, Cashier H. E. ANTHONY, Assistant Cashier

INSECT RIDDER

is a device which holds a soap-like tablet and arranged so as to fasten to any hydrant. To the outlet of this device is attached the garden hose, and the water pressure gradually dissolves the tablet. This mixture is what destroys the worms, slugs and insects.

Careful experiments during the past two years have shown that a Ridder used consistently and regularly will promote a luxuriant and healthy growth of sod on any lawn. It is a natural fertilizer.

658 Fifth Street

San Diego Hardware Co.

Christmas Gifts Choice Ferns, Begonias, Cyclamen and Christmas Trees. A carload of fancy

ornamental Nursery Stock

just arrived at our Sales Yard, Twelfth and Broadway. Order your Fruit Trees and Rose Bushes NOW. Our stock is arriving daily. We will have seventy varieties of Roses, including practically all the best of the latest introductions.

HARRIS SEED CO.

The SAN DIEGO SEED STORE 824 F St., Between 8th and 9th Sts.

Sales Yards at Twelfth and Broadway

The California Garden

Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association

One Dollar per Year, Ten Cents per Copy

Vol. 8

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1916

No. 6

Who said Hatfield! Morena! Dam! What!



HE Saturday Evening Post is full of pleasant surprises, but we never expected it to obtain for our delectation The Confessions of a Real

Estate man, yet that is what it has just dished up under the title of "Not Every Man's Game." True the penitent was not much of a real estater and we have had hundreds, now working, who could have relieved him of his wad before breakfast time; still it is refreshing to find him in print naively complaining in detail of how he failed to collect a full sized commission from both sides in one of his trades. We knew this was done, but thought it was sort of sub rosa.

We introduced this gentleman to you because the things that are, or will be, or should be happening to real estate in San Diego begin again to employ the ready pen of the filler of space. One of these saith, "There has not yet been a marked increase in the price of real estate." Thank God, No! It is plenty high enough for a long time yet and it is debateable whether we would not move along faster if it suffered some decrease. Most of our values were based upon "what you could get for it" and they still are there though the time of the getting is postponed. It should cause serious thought that over 260,000 voters in California were on the side of Single Tax. We were not among them chiefly because we can't see how it could be equitably applied upon purely sentimental values, which is the basis of our present tax system, or the assessment anyhow. We own ten acres assessed by the city at \$1450 per acre upon which no man could make a living and pay the taxes and water. Presumably this valuation is based upon its desirability as a residence site which on further analysis means there are more people than ourselves who desire it above that price. Would Single Tax add the last straw that gave the camel the hump or as its slogan is "Everything comes from the Land." would it say this ten acres produces nothing, therefore it is not worth taxing. We

don't pretend to see a remedy for this assessment of the sentiment in locations, but we fully believe that cheap, not expensive, real estate is the foundation of real growth and though we have some of it for sale we do not wish to see present values boosted upon the first appearance of activity in the market. There is a lot of beautiful out-ofdoors within our city limits and we want to make it real easy for folks from away, to locate here and enjoy it with us. The national government concerns itself with the high price of eatables, perhaps some day it will tackle a real job and inquire into the whys and wherefores of real estate prices, and we don't say Single Tax may not be the great adjuster that is coming.



Y grace of the printer this may be served up to you before Christmas and while the spirit of goodwill which most every one feels at that

season is upon you we desire to call your attention to the California Garden, not as an applicant for your bounty, but as deserving of your grace as one of your family. We do not propose to humilitate ourselves by rehearing our schedule of merit, but will state that this little magazine circulating as it does at home and abroad is a binding force among those who love gardens and the things that grow therein; a force that exercises an influence to be obtained in no other way. We emphatically assert our belief that no literature has ever gone out of San Diego that gave so good and honest an impression of the livability of our city as California Garden. Its influence in this direction is multiplied an hundred fold by the fact that it is not written for outside distribution and we feel that there is little of self interest in suggesting that San Diegans send a yearly subscription for Christmas to some friend back East. Don't imagine that you can escape by saying "Oh it is no use back there, their climate is so different," for many of the most enthusiastic readers live all the way to New York and even over to England. Further, don't think you are doing us personally a favor we feel in this suggestion the shee is on the other foot.

A Ramble in the Volcan Country

By RALPH W. SUMNER



ATURE, like mankind, has many moods, but unlike mankind every one of these moods is so filled with life and strength and beauty that to

get close means that some part of its vitality is going to flow in our veins unless we are

very dead indeed.

Just now as I write I look out upon a wet world. The clouds have settled upon the ground, shutting off the view to all but a few hundred yards; the somber dried grass is dull with dampness, the trees shaken by sudden gusts, rain down big drops; everything droops with the weight of rain. But presto, look again with seeing eyes. The Indian Cedar in the yard sways gently, at the tip of each fascicled needle there hangs a glistening jewel; the soft brown of the pasture is punctuated by black fence posts along the road side. In the misty distance rise the great shadowy forms of heavy foliaged live oaks, the grotesque crooked branches of the apple orchard, and over all a soft benediction from the clouds, reviving a parched earth making it ready to answer the call of Spring.

But I must tell of something I saw several evenings ago, when the sun was shining. I had been meandering up a miniature valley in search of any wild plant that might be obliging enough to show bloom, and I'll report my findings along this line, but just now I must tell about a picture of nature that I saw when the top of the ridge had been gained. The sun was just about going down, the east wind had been in the air during the day and everything to the east was clear cut and magnified. The west was hazy, over the ocean and San Diego was a heavy mass of fog, and it was cold looking, too. Pretty soon things commenced to change, old Sol got out his colors and quietly went to work. In a few minutes the haze was transformed to a golden veil. The top and sides of every peak and mountain to the north and east and south was turned from cold blue to warm pink; long shadows punctuated it, deep green valleys contrasted it, every tree and shrub near me seemed filled with the color laden air. Off towards the ocean innumerable ridges appeared where earlier in the day was merely a single jumble of tumbled hills. They seemed to expand in that golden haze, they fairly reveled and bathed in its beauty. The fog over the ocean was transformed into a silver crested billowy sea. The sun was just beginning to dip into it, then it seemed to poise on the surface, a veritable throne of glory, radiating beauty and wealth to every high place in nature. It didn't touch the lowlands, nor the cities where multitudes dwell, but it

poured its warmth on the peaks that reach skyward. No wonder John Muir said, "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings; nature's peace will flow into you as the sunshine flows into trees," etc. To get these good thins you see it requires climbing on our part. I faced Volcan, just across a great canyon he towered, majestic in his quiet pose, yet with certain animation as the golden rays bathed his expansive slopes and wooded canyons in that wonderful light.

I recognized him as a giant of old resting after herculean labors, proud of his foothills and valleys and forest filled canyons, drinking in the sunshine of summer, the rain and snow of winter, and laughing with devilish glee as the icy storms howled about him. Well it began to get dark before I could pull myself away, so I hurried back to my abode below, but with something I couldn't lose.

After supper I looked over some of my plant specimens that I had gathered. Who said it was the last of November! I found one Evening Primrose, Oenothera grandiflora; a swamp Monkey Flower, Mimulus lutens; and in several places Wild Fuchsias, Zauschneria Californica. Others in my collection consisted of four rock ferns, one of which I had never seen outside the covers of a book. Another was a gold back fern, Gymnogramme triangularis. Only the silver back fern grows about San Diego. Sweet Cicely, a decorative leaved plant with fleshy roots called "Squaw Root" about here, because in the old days a squaw saved the life of a white woman with it. Grindelia, a composite commonly known as gum plant, and called August flower in these parts, and it is "fuller" of odor than a drug store, the flowers still heralding its medicinal powers. Well I might go on indefinitely for every day I find something new, but this is enough to show disbelievers that even November and December in the mountains have their mecca spots for the plant lover.

I think it was Mrs. Browning who said, "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush after with God, but only he who sees takes off his shoes, the rest sit around and pluck blackberries." Oh! for more of this power of seeing.



Rare Winter Blooming Begonias

By Mrs. Frank Waite



NE of the most beautiful and best known begonias of the winter blooming class, is the Gloire de Lorraine, of French origin. It is a general

favorite with the trade, as its attractiveness is such that the florists find ready sale for it at Christmas time at rather startling prices, that is startling to the one who has just purchased a begonia for twenty-five or thirty cents, or to the one who has experienced the joy of potting a beautiful begonia grown in a few months from a slip. The high prices asked for this class of begonias is due primarily to the difficulty of its propagation. It is not a seed producer, as its flowers are almost entirely male, and therefore propagation must be by cuttings, division of the roots, or by the very slow process of rooting the leaves.

The foliage of Begonia de Lorraine is a pure green, the leaves being nearly regular in shape, and small in size. In growth the plant is low and symmetrical. It is, in fact, a bouquet of green and deep rose pink, the broad panicles of blooms, which are large, standing out from the green foliage most effectively. For those having glass houses Gloire de Lorraine will prove very satisfactory and be a most charming addition to a begonia collection, bearing as it does its large pink blossoms during the winter months. However, it cannot be recommended for the lath house even in sunny San Diego, where the winter nights are too cool for its heat-loving comfort.

It is not strange that this begonia and others of its class love the heat of a glass house when we consider their parentage. One of the parents of Gloire de Lorraine comes from the island of Socotra, in the Indian ocean, south of Arabia. Science named that parent Socotrana, in honor of its birthplace. Socotra is a burning, hot, sandy island, which is a strange environment, indeed, for a begonia, and, with the exception of the heat is just the opposite of what most begonias require. Socotrana, which was discovered by Alexander Scott, a gardener who accompanied an expedition to the island, sent out by the Geographical Society of London, is a semituberous begonia. Dr. J. B. Balfour presented the tubers to the Kew Gardens in 1880.

This semi-tuberous parent of Gloire de Lorraine has a stout succulent stem with little growths at the base resembling small bulblets. The leaves are dark green, (orbicular, peltate, as a botanist would describe them.) but in plain every-day speech the leaves are almost round and resemble those

of the water lily. They are from four to seven inches across. The flowers are held well above the foliage and are a bright rose in color.

The introduction of Socotrana to civilization and cultivation has produced wonderful results, as it is readily crossed with other begonias, making an entirely new class of great beauty, although somewhat difficult of culture.

One of the children of Socotrana crossed with Roezlii is Triomph de Lemoine, bearing rose colored blossoms growing from the axils of the leaves and as its growth is branching it resembles a beautiful bouquet when in bloom. One of its peculiarities is that it retains its flowers after they are withered.

Another child is Triomph de Nancy, and is one in which I am very much interested because of its unusual color in the fibrous rooted section. It is said to be a rich yellow in the center, with a lighter shade of yellow in the outside petals, and is double in form. It was introduced by Lemoine in 1888. It is to be understood that yellow in all shades is plentiful among the summer tuberous class of begonias, but is very rare among the fibrous rooted class. I have now blooming for the first time begonia Dichora, which has yellow blossoms. In bud it is a beautiful orange yellow, and I sincerely wish the plant were not so delicate in growth. This is the only yellow flowered begonia I know of in this class with the exception of the hybrid Triomph de Nancy.

Begonia John Heal is another derivative of Socotrana. This begonia is interesting because it has advanced a step in the direction we begonia enthusiasts so much desire. By a cross between John Heal and a summer tuberous begonia there has been produced the begonia Adonis, which is much more robust than any others of this class. Furthermore the flowers of Adonis are twice as large as are those of John Heal. Adonis has apparently taken the large size of flowers from the tuberous plant. It is said the single blossoms are three inches in diameter, and the color is soft rose.

Begonia Winter Gem is another begonia that combines the character of Begonia Socotrana and a crimson tuberous variety, taking the size of blossom and the color from the tuberous begonia. Begonia Julia is also from Socotrana and a tuberous variety. This plant is very similar to a double tuberous begonia, with its blossoms of salmon pink.

All these begonias require more heat than can be given them in a lath house, but as many glass houses are appearing in connection with San Diego lath houses I hope these rare plants will find an abiding place in many of our begonia collections.

To return to Gloire de Lorraine, its other parent, Begonia Dregii is not, as is sometimes affirmed, a semper-florens variety, but is an interesting semi-tuberous begonia much like the Weltoniensis type, with the fleshy globular root stock. A good example is seen in the well known begonia McBethii. Dregii does not make a tall growth. Its leaves are thin, small and paper like, and in color green with a red tinge underneath, with deeply serrated margin. It comes from the Cape of Good

Hope, and is of course, a species. It is burdened with many names, such as Begonia Caffra, and Begonia Parifolia, and Begonia Reniformis.

Although Begonia Socotrana is semi-tuberous, and Begonia Dregii has fleshy tuber-like roots, the offspring, Gloire de Lorraine, does not show either form, but the base of the stem throws out many shoots, which can be separated, and so insure a supply of plants. Gloire de Lorraine was introduced by Lemoine in 1892. It will soon be making its appearance in our flower shops, with its entrancing combination of flower and foliage.

The Mysterious Mistletoe

By GUY L. FLEMING



F all plant life the mistletoe can probably claim the greatest share of romance and mystery. The name is of Celtic origin and means "different

twig." It was applied to this strange parasite in the days of long ago when the Druids were the lords of all England. Because of its habit of growth it was held in great veneration by them, particularly if found growing on an oak, which was a very rare o currence, for to them the oak tree was sacred and whatever was found growing oa one they regarded as having been placed there by their gods and a sign that that tree was divine. And it is hinted that the Druid priests would transplant this mystic shrub from the hawthorne or apple trees to the oak.

About the time of the new year the Druids gathered the mistletoe with great ceremony. We read that—"Five days after the new moon a grand procession was formed. First came the lords, then a herald, who bore the golden knife. The priests came next, with the Prince of the Druids following. All were clad in white. Then followed the people.

"When the oak was reached on which the mistletoe grew, two white bulls were bound to the tree, and the Prince, taking the knife from the herald, climbed into the tree and cut the mistletoe, which was caught in a white mantle held by the inferior priests. The bulls and sometimes even human victims were then sacrificed. The mistletoe thus gathered was divided among the people, who hung the sprays over their doors, as a propitiation and an offer of shelter to the sylvan deities during the season of frost and cold."

The early Christians, too, held the mistletoe in great esteem. There is legend that this "shrub" was the forbidden tree of the Garden of Eden; and that after causing the downfall of mankind it was banished from the Garden and made to legend for its living on other trees.

There is a tradition that the Cross was formed from the mistletoe, which before that time was a fine forest tree, but since has been doomed to live on other trees, its roots never to touch the earth. It was called "Wood of the Cross" by early monks, who chewed chips of it or steeped a tea from its bark, and wore fragments about their necks as a "cure all."

Again we read—mistletoe was abandoned in the Christmas decking of churches together with kissing at services, because both were found to set the young ladies and gentlemen a-reading the marriage service. Holly was substituted to indicate to them the dark monotony of matrimony, and the numerous thorns with which it abounds. But though banished from the churches mistletoe and kissing still flourished.

"In the kitchen," says Brand, "it was hung up in great state, and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking a berry at each kiss."

But the mistletoe did not remain in the kitchen. It invaded the parlor and drawing room, without, however, reducing the quantity in the lower regions.

In England all classes and ages deliver themselves up willing victims to long-established customs.

In many old fashioned houses the elderly gentleman, with long waistcoat and frilled and ruffled shirt, advances to the object of his immediate devotion and makes a low bow. The elderly lady rises and achieves a stately curtsey. Then the pair walk hand in hand

to beneath the mistletoe, and the old gentleman, delicately touches with his not yet withered lips the cheeks of the elderly lady. Then there is another bow and courtesy, and a third, when the gentleman conducts the lady to her seat. How different is the joyous freedom of the younger people! What romping, what slight, pretty screaming, what tittering, what make believe running away, and what bold standing under the mistletoe. The small fry are never tired of kissing one another, while another class of determined osculators are the rather scrimp and runningto-seed young ladies of thirty-five, who are getting desperate, and the jolly, bald-headed bachelors, who kiss every girl who comes their way."

Strange to say, the larger part of the mistletoe sold in England at Xmas comes from the apple orchards of Normandy, where it has never enjoyed any special significance.

Most of us think of the mistletoe as this shrub of the holiday season, so it is surprising to learn that there are more than 600 members of the family, with representatives in all parts of the world.

The true mistletoe, to which Linneaus gave the technical name "Viscum album," is found only in western and northern Europe.

There are many representatives of the family in the Western Hemisphere and one so closely resembles the original mistletoe that it was also called Viscum, with the specific name of flavescens. In 1847 Nuttal proved it to be of different genera and named it Phoradendron (tree thief) florescens. This mistletoe and its closely related species have been invested with all the privileges both traditional and osculatory of the mistletoe of the old country. Nearly all of the genera are exclusively of the new or old world. And it would be interesting to study their origin, development as parasites, and distribution from a common center. They are thought to be of tropical Asiatic origin, and the family extends around the earth in the warmer zones, reaching well toward the limits of the cool temperate latitudes in both hemispheres.

Their development has been progressive. At one end of the series we have the Australian genus Nuytsia, whose single species is a nonparasitic tree. At the other extreme is a degenerate, absolute parasite, Phyrgilanthus aphyllus, which is found upon a cactus in Chili. This plant is said to have neither cotyledons or foliage leaves.

The migration from an original center, while not recent, is not of ancient origin in our own genera.

Few fossil remains are found, probably because of their fleshy make-up. The oldest known is Phoradendron fossili, of Ecuador, which is of the tertiary period.

Because of its desirability as a Christmas shrub, and of its traditional atmosphere, the mistletoe is generally held in regard, but there are localities, especially in the Southwest, where it is a pest.

A sketch of its life history may help in making clear the reason why this plant is so destructive to its host. It is a true parasite in one sense, for it fastens itself to its host, the tree, develops a rootlet, which penetrates the bark; this in turn develops other rootlets running up and down the bark. These again produce "sinkers," roots growing straight down into the wood, drawing nourishment from the branches, deforming it and sapping its vitality,

But the mistletoe also belongs to the higher order of plants for it nas roots, stems, foliage and flowers. And as it has leaves, or at least green stems, it naturally has an abundance of the green pigment called chlorophyl, which is necessary in plant economy, for the assimilation of carbon dioxide from the air, and possesses the ability of transforming inorganic material into living tissue, drawing on the host only for water and raw food.

The mistletoes are dioecious, that is, the male or staminate flowers are on one plant, and the female or pistilate flowers on another. This accounts for some plants never producing berries.

The Phoradendrons, the mistletoes to which we have so far been introduced, as a rule have leaves and are generally formed on the broad leaved trees. There are exceptions, for on the white fir and juniper we find "leaved mistletoes," and on the incense cedar, juniper, mesquite and other desert shrubs we find leafless forms. The berries are round, white or pink and contain a seed imbedded in a thick sticky liquid. The seeds are distributed to a great extent by birds from one tree to another, adhere to the bark and germinate.

The Phoradendrons are light seekers and are therefore found growing high in the host trees or on the out end of its branches.

There is another kind of mistletoe very common on this coast. It belongs to the genus Razamofskya (Arcenthobium) and is found only on the conifers, and as the foliage of this species is reduced to small scales it is dependent on its host for not only water and raw food, but the greater part of its elaborated food as well. So it is readily seen that in a tree that was badly infested with this parasite the drainage on the host would be great and would likely cause the death of the affected branches and possibly of the tree.

Different species of Phorodendron and Razamofskya are found on different hosts.

In California we have at least ten species of Phorodendron and four of Razamofskya. There are five distinct types in Lower California, and in San Diego county I have located seven Phorodendrons, and know of two Razamofskya.

(Continued on Page 16)

Monthly Excursion

Through Exposition Grounds

By G. R. GORTON



ECEMBER is, in many ways, not the most attractive month of the year in Southern California. In the Exposition grounds, as elsewhere, it is a of transition, and many of the plants

tion grounds, as elsewhere, it is a period of transition, and many of the plants look as tired as probably the exhibitors, concessionaires and other Exposition people feel after the two years of Exposition, which are coming to a close. It is the autumn of this part of the world, and in a month or so spring will begin, and hold forth for a long season (we recognize no winter here). Our so-called winter is merely a long spring, wherein the miracle of resurrection is re-enacted in the chaparral on the hillsides, where apparently dead "brush" will burst forth into life and the dun-colored canyons don a new attire of green—regardless of the much discussed H. C. L. (technical term for high cost of living).

The planting at the Model Farm has stood up nobly under the strain, and excites much favorable comment, especially from the eastern visitors. The evergreen group which has been used on the entrances to the grounds surrounding the bungalow, is as always, very satisfactory. A conspicuous feature of the planting near the southeast corner of the bungalow is a large crataegus in full berry, which it quite properly should be. Rambling over one corner of the building is our old friend Solanum jasminoides of humble origin, but justly a favorite in our gardens.

Around on the south side there is, among other things, a group of Columbines. naturally, are not in flower, so it is impossible to say whether or not they are the blue Columbines of Colorado which were originally planted in that spot. It is to be hoped that they survived, and when they flower again the mystery will be unveiled. On the west sidethere does not seem to be any rear to the model bungalow-(this is intended as a compliment) is that very good species of Pittosporum-viridiflorum-which is deserving of more general planting. Nearby are one or two "strawberry trees" (arbutus unedo) a graceful Leptospermum which relieves the otherwise monotonous effect of a blank wall, and around on the north side is a gorgeous mass of Cotoneasters bending under their weight of bright colored berries.

Even the poultry yards, and the vicinity thereof, have been beautified, and on a trellis paralleling the fences is jasminum humile while the fence itself is Muehlenbeckia complexa and Lantana delicatissima. On the north boundary of the poultry yards the

Muehlenbeckia is particularly beautiful, presenting a soothing and restful appearance, the effect of which ought to be particularly beneficial to persons from New York, Chicago, etc.

Mention should also be made of a row of Feijoa east of the egg factory, as suggesting its usefulness as a hedge plant, and apropos of this subject, why don't we plant more hedges of utilitarian plants—guavas, etc, which would at once ornament and produce. Of course, it would probably be advisable to plant such hedges along the side or rear of one's house, away from possible depredations by small boys—other people's boys.

Across the Alameda from the Model Bungalow the citrus grove, aside from what it holds of practical demonstration and suggestion, is of interest to the ornamental plant gardener, as furnishing many varieties from which to select those suitable for ornamental plantings. Certain varieties of orange tangerine, etc., surely have a place to fill entirely from their ornamental value. In his wanderings up and down our country, the writer met the other day a man who maintains guite a sizable orange grove, for almost the sole reason that "he liked to look at them," although neither he nor his family are particularly fond of the fruit for its edible qualities, and he doesn't sell any.

There are a number of little arbors, ornamented with pink Cherokees, Bougainvillea, Tecoma capensis, etc., equipped with seats to tempt the weary, which add much to the attractiveness of this model orchard, and of course no one visits it who does not pause to admire the wonderful show of Cecile Bruners along the entire east side.

It would seem, on the whole, that one of the important lessons the entire model farm teaches, at least from a landscaping standpoint is that a farm does not need to be an ugly place, like a coal bunker or an iron foundry, just because it, too, is a commercial enterprise, but how painfully slow some ranchers seem to be to grasp this fact.

And now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the Poinsettias—particularly in the Botanical Building, where one meets them at every turn, and in both houses. In the glass house Chatelaine Begonias are in their prime, and display remarkable staying qualities under trying conditions. There are some well grown plants of Primula malacoides in the lath section, which are very attractive just now.

In the Gardens of Montezuma the cherries

are ripe, and the toy orchard in the center of the gardens is in full bearing, but beware! these are not what they seem—not edibleand as unrelated to real cherries as the Rocky Mountain canary is to the Hartz Mountain canary albeit the names are similar.

The Lath House

By ALFRED D. ROBINSON



OME one reads these articles, in proof whereof this extract is made from a letter dated Nov. 21, Haywards, Cal.

"In this month's issue of the California Garden you speak of Tupidanthus Caliptratus (Tupi C. for short) I looked it up in my Treasury of Botany and find this description which may interest you.

"TUPIDANTHUS. A genus of Indian Araliacea allied to Plerandra and consisting of a woody shrub, which at length becomes scandent. The leaves are large, digitate, with entire cariaceous leaflets, and the massive umbles of flowers are disposed in short panicles. Their chief peculiarities consist in the coalescence of the calyx lobes and the corolla into an arched coriaceous calyptra (giving the flowers the appearance of mallets, whence the name) the very numerous stamens, the total absence of styles, and the very numerous cells of the ovary. Tupidanthus Caliptratus forms a gigantic climber in its native forests at the base of the Khasya Mountains,"

The writer is more than obliged to the kind lady who sends this information and passes it on because Tupi C. was in danger of becoming a joke; now it will receive that respectful attention which is due anything that is scandent coriaceous and gigantic and grows mallets to punish the scoffer. The specimen that started this discussion has been carefully inspected with this list of its attributes in mind and no scandent tendency can be detected; on the contrary, though sixteen feet high, it is straight as an arrow and butting its head savagely against the lath roof. However, it may take the hint and start off at right angles when its poll is real sore. It is admitted that hitherto suggestions about the change in habit from a pole to a climber and even the name of this peculiar connection of the Plerandra have been regarded with suspicion and with this confession goes an ample and humble apology, Tupi C. and its sponsors are fully vindicated and its head shall not be chopped off-at present.

Right under T. C. a Lilium elegans is blooming. December 1st. It has evidently been upset by this talk about what its big neighbor ought or ought not to do and the bloom has a scared look as if it would go back again if it could. This is not mentioned as a discovery of a winter blooming lily, for the poor thing is merely rattled, but it is hoped that it indicates good intentions upon the part of all those lilies put in this patch last spring.

Cinerarias are coming ahead nicely but the best promise is from the baby primrose Malacoides and it is only a week ago that this variety was pronounced the most satisfactory of any in the leading Florists magazines.

Six of the seven large flowered clematis put out a year ago promise well. They are now pushing buds, and reflecting that they bloom in the east and Europe very early, making their growth while the ground is still hard with frost, they should be almost winter bloomers in this locality.

The tuberous begonias should all be ripened up now and they will be safest packed in dry sand in a single layer and put where no moisture can get at them save by absorption from the atmosphere. A perfectly dry as dust place is not good as they will shrivel up. Recently came to hand a catalogue from a firm in England that specializes in these plants listing hundreds of named varieties with individual tubers as costly as \$8, just a dozen of good sorts for exhibition \$29, and so on, but how the saliva starts at looking at the colored plates and reading about the fringed and frilled and hanging basket kinds. Will some millionaire give the writer a few hundred dollars to spend for these lovely things and he will grow them in his own lath house and let the capitalist come and look at them whenever he chooses.

Don't let things dry out, it takes inches of rain to wet in a lath house and your Nephrolepis ferns and lots of others will keep on growing. Do it in the morning.

Keep all dead stuff cut off and picked up and let in all the light you can.

It is quite evident that the Staghorn ferns like this season of the year. Remember they are native of the Antipodes and are more active now than for months.

A wonderful lath house is in the air for this locality. Pray that it materialises,

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD



VERYBODY will be glad to know that P. D. Barnhart is still his most original self and thinking about us down in San Diego. I got the letter

from which the following is extracted in the middle of November and I am willing that others should enjoy him as I do.

"This letter is to let you know that my gardeners; one a Scot, the other a Dane (Where are those native gardeners? E. B.) will be in San Diego to see the big Show Monday, the 20th, and to see you the next day. I have instructed the young fellows to attend your Society meeting the evening of the 21st, I desire that they spend the evening with you and your people, because you are a peculiar people; a people who have broken away from the traditions of the fathers, and conduct a gardeners' meeting in a way that is superior to that of any other association whose meetings it has been my privilege to attend.

"For two weeks now I have been in better health than for a year and if the condition continues I shall be able to do a little writing for California Garden."

Well those two foreigners duly arrived and gave me the once over and it was good for my health, for it let the wind out of my system. I never felt the poverty of my garden so They were charming boys and had much. the enthusiasm of youth, but their extreme delight at finding something they could praise betrayed their fear that they were not going to find it. Fortunately they visited other places and came to the meeting in the evening, and it was a real good one, lots of nice folks, a charming hostess and our old warhorses at their best invoking the Gods to bless the flowers of the earth from the Baby-blueeyes to the COCOS plumosa.

Of course it might be taking chances, for we are not always so well behaved, but would it not be a good thing to systematically get the strangers within our gates to come to these meetings. We might at any rate issue invitations and possibly the hotels would be willing to display, more or less prominently as they might feel, a notice on the date of the meeting. If Mr. Barnhart finds us so well worth while, why not others? Further, if a few choice flowers could be given to such visitors it might give them a kindly feeling towards San Diego. The Early Bird commends this idea to the Board of Directors in general and the worthy President in particular.

I am peeved beyond endurance almost by an Associated Press item in the daily paper

saying it remained for Mrs. Jinks of Warsaw, Kansas, to suggest and organize a planting of trees along the national boulevard. All honor to Mrs. Jinks, though that was not the name, but this has been talked and written and in a few isolated cases acted upon out here in Southern California for years, but these few honorable exceptions are so tiny in comparison with what should have been done that it is not surprising if Timbuctoo gets there before we do. Now it is not because there is a lack of interest or desire to beautify our roads, though this may be fairly suspected, so much as a feeling of despair almost when the conditions of climate and soil are understood. This discouragement is born absolutely of the elimination of native growths from the list of possible plantings. Why not an avenue of Nicotiana glauca, the wild tobacco that will grow anywhere. It is a lovely thing and would be much in demand if not so common and easy to grow. I have no intention to give a list here because I want to pass along to those lovely bare parkings in the middle of El Cajon Boulevard just opposite the Normal School, where all our visitors can see how nice and flat they are. Three years ago, or nearly so, the planting of these was discussed and the absolutely appropriate native live oak and ceanothus with some of the other shrubs rejected for fear they would be so slow of growth (that was the reason given anyhow, though it is not well grounded). Now could not those spaces be planted to wildflowers right away? should not the Normal scholars take up this matter and raise a fund for the seed, and interest the folks who live around there? got switched off to these bald spots, but I meant to advocate narrow strips of native wildflower plantings at intervals all along our main roads, every little community from Oceanside down could do something and year by year increase it. Supposing one furrow were run each side of the road for a mile and California Poppy scratched in? Supposing a good, big patch were sown in the Torrey pines? I feel sure the Del Mar people would do their share and La Jolla would see the point. This is not sentiment, it is good business. It will bring more returns in dollars and cents than any other investment of the size. The City Farm beyond La Jolla can make more for the city by planting wildflowers along the road through its property than it can by cropping the whole thing to hay or any other crop that will grow there.

The Garden-Christmas present.

The Rose

A. D. ROBINSON



HE article appearing in the San Diego Union by Mr. Slack of Balboa Park Rose Garden, was very well worth while, and should have been cut and

saved for future and continuous reference, and that brings to mind that Superintendent Morley says that the beds in this garden are to be bordered with some of the new polyantha roses which are a specialty of Henry Turner of Los Angeles, and which will no doubt be found in the stock of local nursery folks, particularly those who advertise in this magazine. A specimen spray of one of these little chaps was shown at the last Floral meeting and the exhibitor and grower had many good things to say about its habit.

It cannot be denied that it is a difficult thing to arrange a rose garden to be decorative in itself as well as the producer of wonderful specimen blooms. Many charming varieties grow with an eccentricity that is the despair of the garden housekeeper and most of them are like Aaron's rod that leaved and bloomed at the end. This very fact makes these low, bushy-growing polyanthas invaluable to plant in front of the bare limbs of the elder brothers and sisters, and it is by no means sure that they would not be equally useful placed all over the bed so as to shade all the ground. Of course in this latter case the sunken bed method of planting as advocated last month would be imperative.

As planting should be done now, the sooner the better, because it gives time for root growth before the buds begin to push in the spring. It seems advisable to go over a few varieties that have proven their worth in this vicinity and before doing so it should be said that here is only an individual opinion and as such it is open to correction by the experiences of others.

In reds none of the challengers for the crown of General McArthur have lived up to the blare of trumpets that heralded their coming and in the writer's opinion there is no excuse for planting any other rose in this color when the General can be had. Frau Karl Druschki remains the Queen of the Whites, though Kaiserin Augusta Victoria may still be planted. The real yellow rose that does well is yet to come. The best color is in Madame Georges Schwartz, but the lady hates to grow here, though she is all gold when she smiles. Franz Deegen is good and a new one, Iona Herman, promises well. The pinks are Radiance, Mrs. George Arends, Madame Leon Paine and Lady Ashton. Among the apricot and coppery yellows there is the new rose, Los Angeles, Madame Edouard Heriot, and by the way, the Monsieur of this name is the Mayor of the town of Lyons, in France, Sunburst and a newer one than the last two, Old Gold. A very beautiful recent introduction is Queen Mary, but so far her heart is not in California.

The object of so much admiration three years ago, the Lyon rose, has lost popularity because of its disposition to die back, but Joseph Hill maintains his hold upon the affections of all who know him well.

Papa Gontier should still be given a place for his cheerful growth and wonderful spring buds. He is a red of almost single bloom, and a coppery red called Countess de Cayla, of very vigorous growth and most individual color, is well worth while and the writer is most partial to Souvenir de Stella Gray for its rich coppery red streaked buds of no great size, but produced freely throughout the year.

Of course Cecile Bruner, the real Baby rose, must be in every garden and its yellow companion, Perle D'or, ought to be with it.

In reading this over, Mrs. Aaron Ward's name is missed, and an apology to the lady is certainly in order, for she is a good entertainer and her costume of deep yellow edged with white and beautifully crimped is much to be admired. Further lots of other good things are no doubt omitted, but such omission is not a failure to recognize their merit, but a lapse of memory and then the writer makes no claim to have all the rose elite on his calling list. He is talking now to those who have no rose calling list at all.

The question came in lately as to how to treat a rose bush that had on its branches a small grey scale. At this time of year it is best to prune such a bush to two or three strong canes and head these well back, burning the prunings savagely, as our only Miss Sessions would say. This leaves only a small area for treatment and it can be quickly covered with a strong soapsuds and a fairly stiff brush. If this treatment be thorough it is most discouraging to any parasite.

After the pruning roses should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture and there is no excuse for not doing this when the dope can be bought in small quantities all ready to dilute and the multitude of the chicken mite has brought a little spray pump within the reach of all.

A liberal sprinkling of lime on rose beds is strongly recommended and also much manure after the ground is well wet. Go and watch the expenditure of manure in the Park rose garden and it will make you think the European war an economical process.

Rose questions are now in order.

Garden Walks

By L. A. BLOCHMAN



HAT is the first and most important thing in a garden? I hear one say flowers, another one says soil, still another one says water, and so on. And

yet I must answer "wrong" to all and reply "walks." For although one and all of the things mentioned are positively essential, yet before attending to any one of the others we must first of all predetermine our walks.

Unfortunately, often, too little care and thought is given to this very important matter. The walks determine the entire landscaping and effect in a garden. The planting should be done with a view of the effect it will produce to one using the paths. The walks determine the size and locations of our plats and beds. The position of our border plants and shrubs, determine our grading and the placing of our accessories, seats and summer houses.

To begin with, our walks should all have a definite use and purpose. The first walk to be considered is your service entrance. This should be the shortest, most direct route from your kitchen to the street. No fancy curves or furbelows, and if perchance you happen to lengthen out your walk, you will find to your sorrow and regret that your butcher and your baker will insist on taking a short cut across your flower bed or your carefully prepared kitchen garden and nothing will keep them out.

The rest of your walks of course will depend a great deal on the other exits from your house, and these paths and bypaths may be laid out to suit your fancy. One thing to be remembered though, is that a walk must lead from somewhere to somewhere else. It should have a beginning and an ending. A walk should never have an abrupt ending. If it be necessary to lay out a walk to a distant part of the garden and end there, just widen out the path into an oval or a circle, place there a seat, a little pool, possibly a sun dial or a gazing globe or make some objective point to serve as an excuse for the walk.

If possible the walks should be located so as to bring into successive view different parts or features of the garden. By planting and planning so that different parts of the garden are brought into view at different times and that the same parts are seen from diffrent points and vistas, then variety and charm will be added and interest kept up as visitors walk along your paths and one after another added surprises or beauties meet their gaze. If all of your garden is seen at a glance, interest will lag. This does not mean, however, that your garden is to be cut up into little parcels or plots, on the contrary, large plots should predominate which will give the effect of expanse and distance and a small garden appear several times its size.

After the location of the walks has been determined, then they should be staked out and a proper grade established. Don't make your paths too narrow. Make the narrowest paths wide enough for two persons to walk side by side comfortably, for you will find that your walks will grow narrower rather than wider. Border plants will spread and shrubs grow to such size that they extend somewhat over your walks.

Then the border should be placed. These may be made of almost any material provided it is durable and will stand weathering. Wood, brick, cobblestones, chips of granite, rock, regular or irregular; chunks of hardpan, and even discarded bottles may be used effectively. Sometimes only a border of plants is placed to define the limits and contour of the walk. But a border of some sort is essential.

If the ground be soft, it should be removed and replaced with about three inches of some harder material. Broken hardpan, shells, fine macadam, pebbles, disintegrated granite, crushed brick or terra cotta, gravel, flat stones, coal cinders, etc., all make good surfaces and should be tamped solidly. The surface should be slightly rounded so as to shed the water and the lowest portions of the grade well drained so as to carry off the flood waters. The surface of the walks should be of such a nature as to be always dry and free from mud or water. On adobe soils an inch or two of sand well raked into the soil will form a good surface. Garden walks well swept and kept free from weeds and leaves add more to the neatness and appearance of the well kept garden than almost anything



December Gardens

Miss Mary Matthews

ECEMBER usually gives us many good days for work in the garden; it is a little chilly to be sure in the early hours, but things soon warm up and during these warm hours is the time to do

during these warm nours is the time to do your irrigating where needed. Bulbs that you did not put in last month can go in, though it is doubtful if they give as good re-

sults as those planted earlier.

All annuals planted now ought to grow well if you keep your soil loose and moist. Where the ground was not fertilized previous to planting, sprinkle bone-meal and a little lime over the surface, so that it will be worked in gradually. When working over your bulb beds with trowel or fork, do not leave little depressions around the bulbs, rather mound up the soil so that they will shed water quickly. Most of the decay of bulbs comes from too much moisture. It is better to err on the side of dryness. The ground should always be a little moist, but never soggy. This holds good too with your perennials, where the plants are apt to spread their lower leaves on the ground. Lift the leaves every now and then, loosen the soil, leaving it rough, or give a sprinkling of coarse sand and lime. This will keep away snails and slugs which are so apt to destroy the plant at the base of the crown. Pot plants, or you might say lath-house plants, seem to be coming into favor more and more each season. Growing these from seed gives a wide field to the amateur who has a reasonable amount of patience. To start right have a soil of equal parts of leaf mold, fine sand and rich earth. Fill your flats or boxes with this soil to within an inch of the top, wet it thoroughly and let it drain before planting. Most of the seeds you will want to sow will be very fine and should be sown on the surface of the soil. Put a pane of glass over them and cover with newspaper. Never let them suffer from moisture, which can be given with a very fine spray, or if the box is small set it in a pan of tepid water till well soaked and give air once a day to keep the soil sweet. As soon as the seedlings have made two or three leaves prick them off into another flat, then as they grown put them into small pots and shift into larger as needed, keeping them growing right along. When a seedling plant spreads its leaves beyond the rim of the small pot, it is time to provide larger quarters.

The Impatiens, or Zanzibar balsom, sown now will make fine flowering plants for early summer. The newer kinds give many beautiful colors from seed. In shifting, handle carefully as the little plants are very brittle.

Schizanthus, "the poor man's orchid," are fine for pot plants. The seeds sprout quickly and are easily grown on into blooming size. The colors are mostly very delicate. Every one admires the Gloxinia, with its large leaves and beautiful flowers. Sown now the seedlings should be ready for transplanting by the middle of January. Keep them growing right along, shifting as needed and feed them with very weak manure water. Gloxinias need rather more heat than others mentioned.

Coleus can be started in the same way and give good results. All the new varieties come from seed. For a novelty try some of the newer Coleus, "Coleus thrysoides." It has large, dull green leaves, no bright coloring and huge branching panicles of pale blue flowers. There are many other beautiful things that can be grown from seed with a little care and patience and afford much more pleasure than a single plant of the same thing bought from the florist, though many prefer not to give the time or cannot. With these of course the Florist fills the want. December is none too soon to order seeds for January and February planting.

If you have any of the fibrous rooted waterloving Iris they should receive attention this month. Cut the old bloom stalks out, divide the clumps where large and renew the soil. The few that I have tried of this class have grown and never failed to bloom each season, whereas the Japan Iris planted at the same time have long since disappeared. I saw the other day a large bed of the much discussed Iris Germanica which had just been transplanted, each clump separated into one rank of leaves giving a small part of the root to each. The grower thinks in this way, with generous treatment through rich soil and water, blooms can be gotten from each division, and that with us this ought to be done each season. It would be well worth trying as this variety is so beautiful.

A good time to plant seeds of any of the sweet herbs you may wish to grow. Cuttings of Rosemary, Lavender, etc., put in now, should commence to grow. Do not neglect your sweetpeas. Where they have grown several inches, stake them; the earlier the better. As soon as your Anemones and Ranunculus appear above ground, keep them well worked and watered. Catalogues for spring of 1917 will begin to come in the last of this month. Make out your orders early and send them in, in this way you are more apt to have them filled satisfactorily than if you wait till the rush season is on.

The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor G. T. Keene, Manager Office, 727 E St., San Diego, Cal.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The San Diego Floral Association

Main Office, Point Loma, California

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Stephen Connell, President
L. A. Blochman, Vice-Pres. and Treasurer
R. W. Sumner. Secretary

Miss A. M. Rainford, Miss K. O. Sessions, G. R. Gorton, Miss Leila Clough, Mrs. F. D. Waite, L. A. Blochman

Entered as second-class matter December 8, 1910, at the Post office at Point Loma, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

California Garden is on the list of publications authorized by the San Diego Retail Merchants Association.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year

ADVERTISING RATES

| One Page | \$10.00 | Half Page, | \$5.00 |
|-----------------|----------------|---------------------|---------|
| Quarter Page | 2.50 | Eighth Page | 1.50 |
| Advertising Cop | y should be in | by the 25th of each | h Month |

Elite Printing Co. 727 E St., San Diego

DECEMBER MEETING

The December meeting of the Floral Association will be held at the home of President Connell, 1877 Lyndon Road, Mission Hills, Tuesday evening, the 19th. The subject for discussion will be, "Planting Gardens near the Seashore." Take northbound No. 4 cars to Hermosa Way and walk south three blocks to Lyndon Road. It is quite possible that machines will meet the cars. This is the Christmas meeting and all interested will be welcome. The president and his estimable wife should be greeted by a large number of the faithful.

November Regular Meeting

Secretary Sumner is spending a vacation in the "glens country." formerly called "back country," therefore he was not present at the last regular meeting of the Floral Association, and is not here to report it.

The meeting was held at the home of Miss Alice Lee on Seventh street, and, in the opinion of the Garden reporter, was especially interesting. In fact, we were very proud of Pres. Connell, Miss Session, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Morley and Miss Lee, whose learned talks on subjects dear to their hearts, contributed to an evening of pleasure and profit.

Pres. Connell told of the excellent prospects of the Floral Association being given the custody of the model bungalow at the Exposition. which would carry with it the responsibility of keeping open house to flower lovers.

Miss Sessions brought numerous specimens of shrubs and explained their good qualities.

and also their bad ones, if they happened to have any. Her half hour talk was intensely interesting.

Mr. Robinson talked on California Wild Flowers, with which he is intimately acquainted punctuating his remarks with bits of philosophy of the Robinson brand, and occasionally emptying a vial of wrath on the mule and scraper which have done so much to exterminate the wildflower.

John Morley, Park Superintendent, corroborated the remarks of the others by giving specific instances of where this tree or that shrub could be seen growing, and making suggestions as to methods of treatment.

Miss Alice Lee gave a brief outline of the hopes and ambitions of the San Diego Museum Association, which has undertaken a big work for the good of San Diego, and which is about to start an active campaign for members.

Some northern gardeners were present at the meeting and seemed deeply interested in the spirited talks, and the Garden takes this opportunity of repeating that these meetings are always open to those who are interested in plants and flowers, and particularly to the strangers within our gates.

Caliana Canyon



AM often drawn by the lure of the place to that part of Balboa Park that still retains much of its prediscovered, pre-improved appear-

ance. My special haunt is the canyon that branches from and parallels the large open canyon that lies just back of the Expo.

This canyon runs north to the north boundary of the park, where it broadens out into quite a little valley, in which Park Villa tract is located. This particular canyon I have named Caliana Canyon. This by reason of first discovery and exploration—just kinda kiden—having found plenty bare tracks and numerous other tracks, but no man's tracks. The name was suggested by the fact that there were so many of my native hoosier state's indigenous growths commingling with the native growths found in the park.

I might have been justified in naming my canyon India-fornia, thus giving my native state precedure, but fealty to my adopted state dictates the former. Besides, I am reserving it for future use.

Here I find the sycamore tree growing quite numerously, also those little pests known to me as "cockle-burs" and "sour-dock." Here they are found growing along the banks of a little stream that runs through the canyon. The sour-dock is an ever reminder of the days when as a bare-foot boy we were delegated to the humble, albeit, important task of gather in the spring's mess of "greens." Dandelion and sour-dock leaves were component parts of all such concoctions in those days.

But, speaking of cockle-burs, did you ever have any very intimate association with them? Did you ever sally forth on a warm evening in the autumn time, in fly time, to milk the lowing kine when the old heifer was in an animated combat with the flies with a tail full of burs? Some "big stick." Perhaps you never essayed the task of "disengaging" thos C.-b's from the caudal appendage of your most likely looking and most sprightly stepping plow nag, on a Sunday when you were expected at "her" home, that evening. It was some "tale to unfold?"

On the walls of my little "denum denorium" there hangs a number of sycamore balls purloined from the public park. They are pleasant reminders of boyhood school days; of the large solitary sycamore tree that loomed so majestically beside the roadway, just over the fence in "Uncle Jim's west eighty." When passing to and from school we would gather those beautiful balls. In the springtime they would open and take wing and float away on their airy voyagings. This old sycamore was not only a land-mark of the neighborhood then, but it is still a land-mark in the memory of the days of long ago:

Gone is the tree, yet to me It shall be in memory, A living, growing, graceful tree.

(This is not spring poetry, Mr. Editor, although it does spring from a grateful memory.)

Had some wiseacre, in those days, have told me that this beautiful old tree was a "Platamus racemosa," or words to that effect, I should have been appalled at the information; incredulous, and skeptical as to his sanity. Have only recently learned that such is a fact—awful ignorant—some folks? and a handicap to associating with people botanically wise.

Nevertheless, one may get much pleasure from associating with the growing things under common names or no names at all. You recall what is said of the rose's odor? I fear I am without the pale of the few whom Confucius says, can "distinguish flowers."

This article is drafted out in the open, in the quietude of Caliana Canyon, while the quail pipes his evening notes.

I am about to witness a beautiful sunset from its depths, over its western brow. Half an hour later I shall go up and witness a second setting over Point Loma. The shadows are darkening the western slopes, the dusky sky-line is forming over the chaparral growths along its summit; musical notes are wafted over the brow from some Expo. concession tuning up for the evening revelry. The October air is growing chill as it stirs down the canyon from above, and I betake me home, with a feeling of reverence and

gratitude for the pleasures found here in this little fissure in this great big world.

F. C. ARTER.

Federal Farm Loans



HE Federal Farm Loan Board announces that the blank form of articles of association to be used in forming National Farm Loan Asso-

ciations has been printed and is now ready for distribution.

If interested persons will address a letter to the Federal Farm Loan Board, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., these articles of association will be sent. When they reach you, call a meeting of the prospective members of your association, adopt these articles, and have each member sign them and acknowledge them. Fill in the blank space at the top the name your association adopts.

Then, at your first meeting, elect a board of five or more directors and have the directors meet and elect a president, a vice-president, a secretary-treaeurer, and a loan committee of three members. The loan committee may begin at once to value the lands of the members and prepare its written report of these valuations, which must be unanimous.

Do not send the signed articles of association to Washington, but hold them until the Federal land bank of your district is located. Then, write to the bank asking for forms which include an application for a charter. When these come, fill them out and send them, together with the articles of association and the report of the loan committee, to your Federal land bank.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The Federal Farm Loan Board has returned to Washington after completing its investigation in every State in the Union. In its effort to find out at first-hand the farm loan needs of the farmers of the United States, the Board traveled 20,000 miles, held fifty hearings, and took testimony from hundreds of farmers direct. The testimony showed that farmers have been required to pay exhorbitant rates of interest and unnecessary commissions and have been laboring under the handicap of too short loans.

The members of the Board today began making a digest of the great mass of testimony taken at these hearings, and within twenty days they expect to be able to announce the boundaries of the 12 Federal land bank districts and the cities in which these banks will be located.

After these banks are located their stock will remain open for public subscription for a period of thirty days, after which the Government will buy all the remaining stock.

The banks will then be ready to lend money for agricultural purposes.

That the farmers of the United States are ready to take advantage of these banks as soon as they are in operation is indicated by the fact that more than 200,000 communications seeking detailed information have been sent to the Farm Loan Board by farmers.

The Mysterious Mistletoe

Continued from Page 7

Our Xmas mistletoes are the P. villosum (a type of the Eastern P. flavecens), which is found on our oaks, manzanitas, cottonwood, and willows, and P. macrophyllum, found on the sycamores, alders, ash, California walnut and willow.

Others are, P. Libocedri (leafless), found on the incense cedar, Cuyamaca mountains; P. panciflorum on white fir and cypress, Cuyamaca mountains; P. densum on the junipers, Jacumba; the foliage and stems of this mistletoe are a golden-brown which contrast beautifully with the dark green leaves and silvery berries of the juniper; a leafless form P. ligatum, also found on the junipers, and P. californicum found on mesquite, Mountain Springs. This last named mistletoe is also found on the "cat claw", "screw bean" and "palo verde." I have seen mesquite so loaded with it that leaves of the host were hardly visible. It is a leafless variety, the stems a light green, the flowers yellowish-green, very fragrant, fruit waxy "like rosy pearls paling to a delicate cream color." Saunders, telling of one of his desert trips, says: "A faint fragrance like tuberose fills the air -the perfume from millions of tiny blossoms of a leafless mistletoe that makes witches brooms in the mesquite."

Of the Razamofskyas we have, R. campylopoda on the yellow and Jeffery pines, and R. occidentalis on the white fir and yellow pine.

Altogether San Diego county is quite well represented with members of this family of interesting and mysterious shrubs.



Our Lack of "Pep"



FELLOW who takes Calfornia Garden to read this ad complains that of

late the matter therein has lacked "pep". We were feeling mighty discouraged and had almost decided to quit and let you fool along with your darned Leghorns and other chickens when in the Daily papers we saw that one Champ Clark said to knock the high cost of living by keeping a few laying hens, and further remarked upon the foolishness of those who did not. Now we don't know of what this Clark is Champ but it must be something quite the fashion just now or the papers would not notice him when he went off about mere hens. Any way he is not the Champ Barred Rock breeder. You know who that is. But perhaps you may be acquainted with this chap Clark and know all about his Champing and will be willing to take his say so and send to us and get those laying hens that will prove your salvation. Do your shopping early and avoid the Christmas rush

Rosecroft Barred Rock Yards

Point Loma, California

Alfred D. Robinson, Proprietor